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AN AMERICAN QUEEN.

MANY years ago the hero of one of our native novels was sent on a long quest among the European nobility, to ascertain whether there be any real difference between the blood of an hereditary aristocracy and the blood of American democracy.

I approach the same problem, but from a different direction. I present herein a specimen of American aristocracy, and if the princesses and duchesses and countesses of the world would like to know whether they are of the true blood royal, they are cordially invited to examine these pages and ascertain for themselves by a careful comparison with the best standards.

The question is not insignificant. Aristocracy is inevitable. Wherever humanity gathers into society, an aristocracy rises to the surface as surely as cream rises on milk. And—not to continue the figure which might be awkward—the character of the aristocracy is at once determined by and determinative of the character of the democracy out of which it springs. An aristocracy is the embodiment of the ideal of society. While life is first emerging from its lower forms, physical strength, being its most available weapon, becomes its crowning glory. Our race still rising, lower phases of intellectual strength become dominant. In perfected development the spiritual forces will rule. We may thus always measure the advance of civilization by the qualities that are held in honor: therefore, to the classes and the masses; to the defenders of the old and the apostles of the new; to those who are prying open college doors to women and those who are striving to turn the feet of girls away from them; to the enthusiastic founders of women's colleges, and to all machinists who think the only good timber of which schools can be made is supervising boards; to those who advocate and those who fear woman suffrage; to the great raff of men who think they believe only in woman's frivolity, and to the great hosts of women who try sedulously to live up to it,—let me extend the invitation of Moses, the servant of God, to Hobab, the son of

Raguel, the Midianite : Come thou with me and I will do thee good.

The palace in which was born her majesty, the queen whom I celebrate, was a brown one-story house, in the hill-town of Norfolk, Connecticut, overlooking a wide stretch of slope and dale, rushing stream and silent pond, and many a palace of equally subtle splendor—for royal blood ran freely thereabout. Wealth did not attract the ambition or even the attention of these royal families. Independence they were born to, and virtue ; but learning must each gather for himself, with the usefulness accruing, and what they loved and hungered and thirsted for was learning. Of the two families most nearly allied to the queen, and amid equally simple surroundings, six sons were graduated from Yale College, and all the daughters but one were sent away to the highest accessible schools.

The royal father, powerful in brain and muscle, was instantly killed by the fall of his own well-sweep when his child was but two years old. The royal mother was a quiet woman, untiring in work and wisdom and love ; a woman who could repeat the whole of Dwight's "Collection of Hymns"; who in spinning kept always an open book at the head of her wheel ; in ironing, one upon her table. So the daughter of Joel Grant and Zilpah Cowles could hardly fail to rise and rule.

Second only in importance to the hardy, upright, intellectual home, came the wholesome village school. Without globe, black-board, or supervision, without register or gradation or mark, without exhibition, sometimes without examination or even recitation, the "district school" did a great work, because it had the two things indispensable to a school—teachers and pupils—teachers wise to teach, pupils eager to learn.

The district school Queen Zilpah left as pupil and entered as teacher while not yet fifteen. The first palace of her independent sovereignty was a log-cabin in the Indian district of Paug. It was furnished with one door, one unhewn stone chimney, four small half-sash windows, and a dungeon-hole for the refractory. In summers, she taught Paug schools. In winters, she read and spun by her mother's side.

Thus walked the queen in those early days: youthful but noble, a figure tall, erect, well-proportioned head, finely set on shapely shoulders, dark hair golden-brown, forehead high, features comely,

piercing black eyes luminous with life, an expression combined of kindness, dignity, and power, a composed and stately carriage, the dress always beseeeming such a wearer, who bore ever and everywhere her long life through the indefinable air of distinction. Thus lavishly her royal blood endowed her. But let no vain American fancy that royal blood must always give the royal height, the regal figure. It is greatly to the credit of Queen Victoria that, with much to fight against in the way of native dower, she bears intact the majesty of her birthright, and stirs in all beholders the consciousness of imperial presence.

Come now, I pray, Matthew Arnold, gentlest and keenest of satirists who value but do not love the Puritans, and hear me while I admit, I avow, that my queen was a Puritan. Such a Puritan as this; that when she was only five years old, pangs of conscience wrung her because she had chosen not to go to an afternoon meeting with her mother. Such a Puritan as this; that at twelve, she had great solicitude regarding her guilt in the violation of perfect law. Such a Puritan as that when it was represented to her that the little neighborhood gatherings of the young people in each other's houses, closing the evening with a dance, would be inconsistent for one "seeking religion," she at once gave up the dancing of which she was fond. Such a Puritan, that her sense of sin was overpowering; she expected to sink by its weight to perdition; she felt that her guilt was too great to be forgiven; she sought aid from her pastor only because, in the world of woe to which she believed herself to be hastening, she would be spared the additional pang of reflecting that, during her probation on earth, she had failed to ask the prayers of one who had power to prevail with God.

Matthew Arnold, clearest and straightest of thinkers—up to a certain point—you cannot think this any more dreadful than it is. Innocent child, spotless maiden, beneficent woman—*guilt, probation, perdition* are grotesque words applied to her. Nearer the truth of things was that vivacious French wife of a strict Calvinistic pastor, who, kindly visiting, during her husband's absence, a dying parishioner, a poor seamstress, listened with astonishment to the distress of the sufferer over her sins, and presently broke out with the untheological but eminently humane and pertinent argument, "A great sinner! It is absurd! Why, you were never out of North Linebrook in your life!"

But we judge a tree by the fruit it ripens, not by that which is cast almost as soon as set. It is difficult to imagine by what process so clear a mind could reconcile itself to God on the sudden plea, "How beautiful is that justice which has denied peace to such a sinner!" I became absorbed in the admiration of God's justice. It was infinitely lovely, and I must forever praise him in the world of retribution for not receiving so vile a being into the abode of purity and bliss." To me, I confess this seems hocus-pocus, abracadabra. But it is not hard to understand and reverence the royal delicacy, or was it the Christian unselfishness, or was it both, mingled with the grim Grant reticence which an illustrious example has made familiar to this generation, that led her, when at length, at the age of nineteen, she dared join the church, to stand up and receive, out of deference to her mother's supposed preference, the baptismal name of Zilpah Polly, without even mentioning her own wish to be called Mary—only to learn long afterward that her mother was quite indifferent! Zilpah Polly—nothing can give it a monarchical ring, but it never marred the royal audience.

When she was twenty-five years old, Rev. Joseph Emerson opened a girls' school in Byfield, Massachusetts. It was a new thing under the sun. Mr. Emerson had been tutor at Harvard, pastor at Beverly. Some divine revelation had given him a glimpse of the ideal woman in the ideal world, and thenceforth he knew his work. Queen Zilpah had met him. He was a brother of one of her own pastors, Ralph Emerson. This lover's gifts to his betrothed had been a Bible and a Euclid's Geometry—sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge. He was a man after our queen's own heart. She craved knowledge. In her Paug and other school-houses she had amassed a fortune of fifty dollars, and she took the three days' journey to Byfield, and enrolled herself among his pupils.

Her fortune was well invested. Teacher and pupil were alike inspired with the enthusiasm of learning, and believed profoundly in each other. Here, too, she met that other "large-brained woman and large-hearted man," Mary Lyon, and the three entered into life-long friend-and-comradeship. "Has the woman nothing to do but to obey?" asked of his pupils this man with the Emerson insight. "Woman has far more of commanding than of obeying to do." And he lent himself to the divine purpose of teaching

the queens to command wisely. "Women are the foundation of society," he said. "They need sound judgment, energy, and vigor." "Logic," he taught them, in words that should be hung in golden capitals on every school-room walls, "the art of using reason well, is the parent of all other arts." "Even in so simple a thing as cutting a pencil I would have you exercise your reasoning powers."

With Mr. Emerson's school the queen's pupilage nobly closed. Thence she entered upon the full duties of her kingdom. Teaching awhile with Mr. Emerson, afterward at the head of her own schools, summoning Mary Lyon to her assistance, or dispatching her to enter alone the promised land which both had longed for, but which the feet of one alone could tread, her intellectual and spiritual elevation never knew descent. She did not talk of her mission, but she taught as one having authority. She did not talk of her rights; she exercised them. She looked upon the individual woman as an immortal being to be trained for eternity by service in this world. She looked upon women collectively as a fundamental part of the State, to be trained for its weal. She worked for the commonwealth. All her aims were great. Nothing petty ever came nigh her. Rather, small things were enlarged by being gathered into the upward movement of a large soul. "Do you not know, child," she would argue the duty of dressing prettily, "God is more honored and pleased when His creatures look well than when they do not?" She held ever in view the arbitrament of God.

Never was the watchword of her teaching to furnish occupations to women, but to prepare women for their work. Her keen perception saw the whitening, waiting harvests, and no man ever thrust in a sharper sickle with a stronger hand, but it was a woman's sickle and a woman's strength. She taught her pupils not so much knowledge as how to learn. She gave no prizes. She stimulated no rivalry. She appealed only to the highest motives. The formation of character, the attainment of the greatest possible individual power, the thorough acquirement of self-government—these were what she set before her pupils. Her simple test for each was: Is she doing as well as she can? Her final sentence upon the incorrigible was: You have not been doing as well as you can. And they were sent away on that one statement, with the avowed hope that after six months or a year of absence they might

rise high enough to return and spend their energies to advantage. All was done privately ; every unnecessary exposure of the faults of her pupils was avoided. She guarded their delicacy with vigilance. "Speak of them as if they were your younger sisters," she directed her new teachers.

The lessons in reason which she had received from her teacher she faithfully delivered to her pupils. No Thomas Paine, no Red Revolutionist, was ever so true a devotee of reason as she. If but a new regulation were to be made, she not only announced and explained it, but grounded it on the principle eternally true, that "when people come into society each one must give up somewhat of his natural rights and consult the general good." Thus her pupils learned an intelligent respect for law. Charity, benevolence, beneficence, she taught as she would teach geography—systematically, not alone as a matter of feeding the hungry, but of elevating the world. She aimed to awaken in every girl a feeling of individual responsibility for serving her generation.

Patriotism was a constant underlying motive. She saw that the country was large, and she worked to make it great. She saw that the West was to be the center of empire, and she sought to make its foundations strong. She discerned that a religious intellectual education was the one thing needful. She knew, as few women know—as few men know—the power of organization. She saw it in the Catholic Church, and she desired as strong a Protestant organization for the utilizing of womanly power. Necessary to this, she held, were schools endowed, permanent, giving a systematic and severe education for girls as well as for boys. To this end she bent all her energies. Awaiting this end, she gave especial attention to training teachers. She held the profession high, but she demanded that it be worthy to be held high. In looking about for the location of a school, she observed of a certain town, "It is the only place in Ohio, off the Reserve, that I have seen or heard of, where the employment of teaching takes anything like its proper rank. I heard a lady, who justly ranks high for intelligence, refinement, and social standing, and who hopes, too, that she is a Christian, remark of a young woman who left her home, where she had lived in comparative inaction and uselessness, to engage in a school : 'That is really a great coming down for her; she has been quite a belle.' It is a specimen of a feeling greatly prevalent throughout this and the surrounding States. So

far as I can learn, nothing apparent has been effected to correct this sentiment by other schools."

So aware was she of the value of the living soul, that she counted nothing trivial which related to it. She required as much mind, she demanded as much judgment, in teaching an infant school as in addressing the Congress of the United States. She laid the foundation-stones along the line of reason.

The first legacy ever left for the academic education of women had been received at Derry, New Hampshire, in 1822. The trustees had built a new house and invited Miss Grant to be the principal of the new school. By their invitation she went to Derry and spent six weeks investigating plans and possibilities. She avowed frankly to the trustees that her aim was not only intellectual education, but the training of the character according to the word of God. They saw everything to desire in her complete mastery of the situation, and in her gracious and gentle fascination; and the first head of the first college for women in America was formally installed in a document whose significance is only heightened by the simplicity and modesty of the terms under its legal formality:

"TO MISS ZILPAH P. GRANT:—The Trustees of the Adams Female Academy, reposing especial trust and confidence in your fidelity and ability, have constituted and appointed you the preceptress of the Adams Female Academy, hereby giving and granting unto you, the said Zilpah P. Grant, all the powers and authority given and granted by the Act of Incorporation and By-laws of the Trustees of the Adams Female Academy, to have and to hold the said office, with all the powers and privileges and immunities to the same belonging, during the pleasure of the Trustees, with the compensation of *Five Dollars* for each week the Academy shall be kept during the year, and board during the same time, and thirty-six dollars each year for traveling expenses. IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, the Trustees have caused the seal of the said Corporation to be hereunto affixed. Witness, Edward L. Parker, President of the Board of Trustees, this eighteenth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-three."

Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, and all your heirs, successors, and enemies forever—never forget that the first president of the first college for women was a woman, and that she wrought in the love of God according to the straitest sect of old-fashioned Calvinistic orthodoxy. At her academy were given the first diplomas to girls. Miss Grant, aided by Miss Lyon, opened at Derry the first girls' school in this country, prescribing a systematic course of English

instruction similar to that of boys examining for admission, and giving a diploma for its completion ; and each year the course was extended and elevated. So deftly works the Power outside ourselves that makes for righteousness.

Miss Grant's success was great—too great. The superior intellectual training attracted to her school increasing attention and increasing numbers from the best families. Her commanding intellect, her polished and winning manners gave her complete and easy sway over the fresh, noble young minds that flocked to her. But religion dominated everything, and her religion was orthodox. The majority of the trustees were liberal. This astonishing autocrat was stamping the image and superscription of orthodoxy on the mind and heart of the whole rising generation. True, she had said she would do it, and they had consented. She had stipulated at the outset that one-seventh of her time should be given to Bible instruction, and they had not objected. But they little knew what Bible instruction meant from her lips. They had been used to hearing Bible instruction one-seventh of the time all their lives, and nobody hurt ; but this Bible instruction was like the coming of an army with banners. The Bible, real, living, touching every issue, guiding every judgment, turning orthodoxy from a dead skeleton to a beautiful, vital, eternal force—this they had not bargained for. They felt that they were being overpowered by the very one whom they had bidden as an ally.

Doubtless they were upright, gentle, pious men, but they were men and naturally timid, weak, at their wit's end before this female sovereign. But their money was a trust fund, therefore they must do something. Therefore they made a weak little insurrectionary flutter by suggesting at their annual meeting that music and dancing be introduced into the course ! Even this feeble shot frightened them, and they instantly fled to cover by resolving three days after, that Miss Grant's salary should be doubled.

The queen declined the dance simply on the ground that "as she had a systematic course, and all parents would not wish their children to learn to dance, the introduction of the exercise would greatly derange her plans."

Then the committee plucked up heart, though still an indirect heart, and voted "that no teachers were engaged." Willing to believe that her exceptionally large salary was the stumbling-block, and eager to carry out her plans, she at once offered to relinquish

her salary and to take whatever they chose to give. Then as frankly as they could, but still in a private circular, they ventured to declare that "it was the original design of the trustees to establish this seminary on liberal principles. They regret that the institution has acquired the character of being strictly Calvinistic in the religious instruction. This character has grown up in opposition to the sentiments and wishes of a majority of the trustees. It is their determination to select persons who will not attempt to instill into the minds of their pupils the peculiar tenets of any denomination of Christians, but will give that general instruction wherein all Christians agree. The trustees give their preference to female teachers, if such as are competent can be obtained ; if not, a gentleman must be employed."

Thereupon the queen took stage to Andover to consult Urim and Thummim, but behind Urim and Thummim was merely a man, and the sacred breastplate only rattled with his terrified palpitations but emitted no light. "Even Gamaliel," said the queen with one of her rare touches of sarcasm, "even Gamaliel was afraid to give direct counsel, and found it much easier to sympathize than to advise."

She needed no advice, and evidently took counsel with her subalterns only as queens use—for good fellowship rather than from any expectation or need of real help, for she seems not for a moment to have been at a loss what to do. She colonized. She withdrew and took her kingdom with her. Forty pupils, steadfast and true, accompanied her in search of other worlds to conquer. Whether the Derry trustees ever found their "gentleman" history does not inform us. What it does inform us is that they soon discovered they had lost a "female," and in two years they were at her feet again beseeching her to reign over them. Their very first article of capitulation was : "Miss Grant to take charge of and manage the academy in her own way." But Miss Grant had already established herself in her own way elsewhere too firmly to return to them.

If she had remained in the house of bondage where her first agony was endured, the fears of the trustees might have been well based. But not in vain had she listened to the divine voice of conscience and followed the divine light of reason—that true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Guilt, probation, perdition disappeared with her early womanhood, not flung off

but lived above. No such motives are presented in her teachings to her pupils. The greatness, the justice, the love of God, the paramount claims of rectitude, the imperiousness of moral obligation, the blessedness of living for others, the misery of living for self—this was the essence of her matured Calvinism. Let Liberalism extirpate such Calvinism by bringing forth better fruit. It does not appear that she ever in terms, or to her own consciousness, changed her faith. Rather she clung to it to her latest breath. But so deep, so catholic, so Christian was her nature that she permanently assimilated only the truth of error. Her luminous intelligence flowed around every narrow dogma and widened it into an eternal principle. Her superb power of loving penetrated all hardness, and softened and mellowed to the core, releasing its hidden, pure, imprisoned soul of sweetness. By the natural growth of her own lofty personality, by the free play of her noble instincts, she divined the secret of heaven. Whatever was dark she, by adoption, transmuted into light. So there was never any revolution, only evolution. No epoch, no violent change, but the full assurance of a sane faith by the full activity of a sane life. She pressed her pupils into the kingdom of heaven, not for their own happiness, not to escape perdition, not because probation ends at death, but because the requirements of God are reasonable ; because his character is attractive ; because his service is perfect freedom ; because to do right and to bless the world are the best things.

To old Ipswich, then, the queen betook herself, with her trusty squire, Mary Lyon, and her forty faithful lovers, a devoted train-band, by whose loyalty her school was established as soon as it was in camp. And here, partly, perhaps, because there was no fund to impose a responsibility upon any committee, partly also, probably, because her clientelage was orthodox from 1634 down, and so deeply tinct with wisdom, she wielded a scepter more imperious than ever. The community fell as naturally under her sway as if it had waited for her coming. Full of gentle homes slept the old town hard by the sea, which had washed into many a wide-roomed, low-roofed cottage the treasures of the world—massive teak-wood chairs and tables heavy and hard as iron, and fretted with the carving of patient life-times, great pieces of cloisonné, brass-framed, easel-mounted, resting in cloistered corners more modestly than if they had been Prang's chromos, which many a millionaire longshoreman would have plumed himself on sailing around the world to

fetch—exquisite little decorated cups with tiny covers, which Beacon Street would carefully shield in antique cabinets behind glass doors, and which Ipswich matrons—yes, oh shuddering housewife!—set in the steamer over the range to steam their custards in—graven images and man-high jars and grotesque ornaments, or ever bric-à-brac was invented. Beautiful, dutiful, gentle women beneficent, loyal, gentle men—true gentlefolk all—the girls came to Miss Grant's school and she ruled them, and the mothers wrought at home and she ruled them, and the fathers went in and out of shop and ship, pulpit and farm and office, and she ruled them most of all, for they were under female sovereignty raised to the third power. And if any ever so much as thought resistance, he must have gone down into his cellar and grumbled it out alone, for light of day never saw nor softest breeze bore vestige of restlessness under her unwavering, exhilarating, womanly, sweet dominion. So founded was it on the nature of things that it penetrated to the will, and seemed to each one only the rule of the highest within himself. In all the region roundabout "Miss Grant" was a name to conjure by, and is still mighty to stir up pure minds by way of remembrance. Her wisdom and experience retain even for her memory the kingdom which her insinuating address, her dignified exterior, her polished and gracious manners captivated at the first onset.

Ten years she ruled at Ipswich; then in the full tide of success, without a chair in her seminary vacant, or an available boarding-place unoccupied, Miss Grant relinquished her school because of failing health. I half suspect that her womanly strength was veined with one masculine weakness, the solemn conviction that any slight ailment was the onset of deadly disease. Certainly against many solicitations from other quarters, and with great grief in her own heart, she resigned forever all official school connections. She had held steadily in view her plan of a permanent endowed independent school, but its actual establishment was secured to her long-time friend, Mary Lyon, who, on Miss Grant's plan, and with her continued and hearty coöperation, at length reared on a firm foundation the school of the prophetesses at South Hadley. But Miss Lyon died in middle life, and Miss Grant—resting for three years in the homes of welcoming friends—lived to a ripe old age.

If now, with infinite delicacy, one could offer a moment's con-

solation to those great-hearted gentlemen who from time to time mourn publicly the small number of girl graduates that, to use their own elevated diction, "marry off," perhaps the path of education might be smoothed. Whatever of personal attachments Miss Grant might have cherished, or whatever of courtesies she might have received from men, we are not told. A missionary is indeed referred to, who, in her very young life, "invited her to accompany him to a foreign field," but that ought not to count. The love of her life was absorbed in her work and her purpose. But it is to be noted that the moment she had time to look at a man the man was there! How many only tradition conjectures, but one the records speak, and he her peer. An Essex County lawyer, a Senator of the Great and General Court of Massachusetts, like herself a Puritan born, and born anew into the graces and enlargements of culture, a gentleman of an exquisite dignity and elegance to match her own, not afraid of her queenliness, because he also had royalty to proffer, William B. Banister asked her hand in marriage, and the queen became Queen Consort.

How did she accept subordination? Like a queen. I suppose the doctrine of woman's rights had hardly then been broached. Certainly Miss Grant had always theoretically received and prominently preached the lordship of the man, and it is always interesting to see the whole-souled enthusiasm with which women who rule every man that comes into their circle, with despotic sway, will still proclaim the eternal duty of woman's obedience to man. They are right and admirable, but they are above all things amusing. Their obedience is as entertaining as a comedy of Molière's. Mrs. Banister was one of these women. "Sarah, the wife of Abraham," she used to say to her pupils, "was praised for two things; her faith and her obedience to her husband." That was her orthodoxy. "Where there are only two there can be no majority, and the supremacy must rest on one." That was her masculine common sense. "Since the wife must see that she reverence her husband, she must see that she do not marry a man whom she cannot reverence." That was her sanctified common sense. "I know," she said to Mr. Banister on her marriage, "that you have a right to command, but I mean to be so on the alert that you will have no occasion." That was her feminine common sense. And just as the elevation of her nature transmuted her orthodoxy into the most real liberalism, so it wrought her obedience

into universal command. She seems to have insinuated her own way upon Mr. Banister in all things, under the prevailing impression, both in him and herself, that it was his way—as it certainly became. She ruled her house just as graciously and completely as she had ruled her school, and in the self-same spirit. And, let us mark, in seeking first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, the kingdom of wealth had also been added unto her. While as yet the “English craze” had not been dreamed of, this woman who united in herself every element of age and strong-mindedness and indifference to pleasures, which are currently supposed to make a woman unattractive, secured not only a loyal heart but a royal home—walked quietly in and took possession of a colonial mansion so spacious, so lordly in its appointments, that two English gentlemen, welcomed to its hospitalities, acknowledged publicly its colonial charm. “It is not only like ours,” says their published “Narrative,” “it is quite English, but English in the olden style—the forms, carvings, cornices, and patterns such as I have seen a hundred times; and the beautiful limes in the forecourt were literally brought from England.” She would hardly have found more fitting garniture, nor would she have worn her honors more gracefully, even if she had shaped the efforts of her life to the acquisition of the one and to preparation for the other.

In this beautiful and happy home she presided for twelve years with unfailling generosity, courtesy, grace, and peace. The same integrity and intelligence which had made the little brown cot of her birth a palace, made palatial the ample home of her marriage. Her thrift and her hospitality were unwearying. Her hospitality was not for show but for service. Her thrift was not for hoarding but for using. She not only entertained the learned and distinguished, whose presence brought her intellectual revenue, but the unlearned and even the disagreeable, whose ministrations could be but of the most indirect service to herself. To the lively niece, remonstrating against “taking that disagreeable man,” her only reply was, “have you been so long time with us, my child, and do not yet know that the reason we ‘take folks’ is not because they are agreeable?” Her guests were not simply for an hour or a dinner, but for days, weeks, months, years, according to their need. Now it was a widowed missionary tarrying with her children for the winter, then the son of missionaries Mr. Banister would receive and educate. Indeed, they were seldom without

some such beneficiary, of whom the one exaction made was that he should give to Mrs. Banister an account of every dollar received. This she considered a part of their training, and if they could not be brought into it she thought them hardly worth training! An invalid minister with his wife as nurse would be bidden to stay for months. A poor woman would be brought from her two small rooms to spend the winter in sunshine free from all care. A poor girl would be given a home while she was going to school. But the hostess saved her nutshells because they would feed a fire. And she saved her crumbs because they would feed a bird. And when the poor folks who had never learned to save came to her door to beg, she tried to help them by work and wages rather than by alms. If they went away muttering she helped them just the same, quietly remarking, "We can hardly expect such poor creatures to be reasonable." The General Charitable Society of Newburyport was formed in her house, and has resulted in the almost complete suppression of street beggary.

In all these matters, as in all matters, the heart of her husband safely trusted in her. His purse was open to all her draughts, his sympathy to her plans, his hospitality to her friends. Worthy to be numbered with the epistles of the olden saints is the one letter given us of this Most Christian King.

"MY DEAR MRS. BRIGGS: I am glad of a corner in this long letter that leaves me room just to put my veto upon all your apprehensions of being burdensome and troublesome with all the frolicsome mirth and gambols of Frank and Mary. I love to see and to make children happy, and much more do I delight in any offices of kindness and comfort to the mother of these above mentioned. So far as social sympathy and satisfaction are to be promoted by your residence in our family is for you and Mrs. Banister to consider and adjust, but so far as I am concerned the balance is all against me, I am debtor only. Should we attempt to make a monetary account of it, I should shrink from finding the balance, lest here, also, it should be against me. But in truth I do not mean to present either of these issues, but simply to dissipate, if I may, and prevent in future all such misapprehensions of burthensomeness, etc., as you hint at in your last letter, by assuring you that I shall consider your residence with us, so long as it can be pleasant and best for you, to be an obligation and favor conferred upon us and not by us. The addition of Frank and Mary but enhances the favor to us because it probably prolongs it, while at the same time it affords you the pleasure of their society and affords them the pleasure and profit of yours. Think, then, I pray you, no more of trouble and burthen to us, but only how, and how long, you and Mrs. Banister can most and best promote each other's comfort and happiness, assured that thus will be promoted that of....

Your friend and obedient servant,

W. B. BANISTER.

Twelve years of married life, as full as her earlier years had been of happiness, of dignity, of work for the world, of thoughtfulness for others—perhaps it may almost be said as full of solicitude for the education of the young and care in its accomplishment—were closed by the death of her husband. Under this shock she wavered just a little. For days her imagination and her sympathy overbore the loss, and she seemed to enter heaven with him and share the new joys breaking upon his new-born soul. Then coming back to earth, the loneliness and desolation appalled and nearly overwhelmed her. But she rallied herself with resolute will. The strong habit of her life, the strong conviction of duty to serve the world while she lived in it, held her steady above the storm, and gave her still one-and-twenty years—a man's majority—of busy, varied, not untroubled, but tranquil and beneficent work. To the clergy and the churches, to the girls' schools springing up through the country, often from the seeds she had sown; to every form of mental and moral growth, of helpfulness and philanthropy, whether of private individual or of public organization; she was a missionary-at-large, a female apostle, sympathizing, advising, consoling. She traveled through her own country and in Europe, and in both continents was ministered to by those whose youth she had helped and blessed. It was war-time, and on both continents she kept the flag of her country flying. The life was new to her, and she gave all possible strength to eager sight-seeing; but nature was strong within her, and the old fires never ceased to burn. Tuscaloosa negroes, titled English ladies, polite and cultivated Frenchmen gathered to hear her Bible expositions as gladly as used the Derry girls of old time. With the contributions of modern science to faith she made herself familiar, but was not troubled thereby. With all the movements of education she kept abreast, but never faltered in maintaining that character as well as intellect was the object of education.

In the seventy-fourth year of her age, a wicked man who, in the guise and disguise of a righteous man, was her business agent and held her property in trust, was discovered to have betrayed his trust, using her stocks without her knowledge to aid a member of his own family, who naturally became bankrupt. Her letter of inquiry to this wicked servant is most characteristic:

"Many thanks for your kind letter. May all your hopes for a favorable adjustment of your affairs be realized. I stand pledged to pay three hundred

dollars a year for the education of each of three half-orphan great-grand-children of my parents. I expected to withdraw this from my principal and thus diminish it. Do you see any way in which this can be done? You will bear with me, dear sir, and allow me to inquire further against whom and with what securities do you hold the notes for one thousand dollars you transferred at my request to Mrs. P——, and the one thousand so transferred to Mrs. F——? You have been patient, kind, and faithful in advising me hitherto, but my own course is so interwoven with the bereaved, the desolate, and the destitute that I know not what to do without the light I seek from you. I want to know what is knowable about my funds. At what time or times were those funds loaned to ——? When it has been reported to me that you were largely aiding business men in trouble by loaning funds for which you were trustee, I have thought, if it be so, I see not that I have aught to do about it. If I failed in doing all I ought, I hope I may see and repent of it. I believe you will state to me the facts."

The facts were that every penny which had been left her by her husband was lost, and the unprofitable servant who had lost it had the assurance to congratulate her that she could bear her loss with resignation, having her treasure laid up in heaven!

Left thus with only the small sum which had been saved from her own earnings, she made no complaint, craved no sympathy, bated no jot of active beneficence, never explained even when brow-beaten for alms, but wrapped close her royal mantle of personal reserve, while opening heart and hand to the needs of all her world, till, sustained by the generous legacy of one step-daughter and tenderly cherished in the home of the other, she fell on sleep. Superbly faithful in the few things of earth, she must have been made ruler over many things, for such is the divine law of succession, and by this token she reigns a queen of heaven.

GAIL HAMILTON.

"The Use of a Life: Memorials of Mrs. Q. P. Grant Banister." Compiled by L. T. Guilford.